

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

THE KLEPTOMANIAC.

By RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

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CHAPTER I.

"In the earlier days of my career," began the doctor, "and even for many years after I began to consider myself successful, I often found myself with time unemployed. Medicine is a study of a lifetime, never completely mastered by any man, however assiduous. Therefore I made it a rule to devote as many hours as possible to reading. Thus one afternoon, never mind how many years ago, I was sitting in my study engrossed with a new work on toxicology, when a patient was announced, and I instructed my man to admit her. She came in timidly and appeared embarrassed as to how she should begin the conversation. Assuming my most encouraging tones, I begged her to be seated and to explain to me what her trouble was.

"Oh! I am not ill, doctor," she said, sitting down. "It is about my father that I have come." Then she was silent again.

"She was young, but not beautiful, and to most persons she might have been unattractive. I became interested in her at once, because I detected in her countenance the impress of serious distress. I was therefore determined to place her at her ease as quickly as possible that I might gain her confidence.

"Now, then, miss," said I, "have no hesitation in speaking to me, and let me remember two things—first, that the confidences imposed upon a physician are as sacred as the secrets of the priest's confessional, and, second, that if my advice is to be of any value to you it will be necessary for you to be perfectly frank with me. You must withhold nothing. Tell me the symptoms of your father's disease?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know what ails him," she replied. "He was always so good, so kind, but now—She stopped abruptly and, turning her eyes away from mine, sat gazing at a picture on the farther wall for some seconds. I remained silent, preferring now that she had begun, that she should continue at her own volition. Presently she asked abruptly:

"Tell me, doctor, can an honest man suddenly become a thief?"

"I should think it highly improbable," I replied, "except of course where there might be mental disturbance. There is such a thing, you know, as kleptomania."

"She answered me quickly: 'Ah! You have said it—kleptomania. That is what I wish to know about. What is kleptomania? How do you distinguish between the kleptomania and the common thief?"

"Now that she was fairly launched upon her subject her manner changed. Her vacillation gave way to a directness of speech and close attention to my words which showed me that she was deeply stirred and that our topic was of immense interest to her.

"The thief," said I, "is a morally depraved individual, abnormally selfish, who cares nothing for the rights of others where they conflict with the satisfaction of his own desires, and who, therefore, does not hesitate to appropriate to himself the property of his neighbors, except as his act might imperil his liberty."

"Yes," said my visitor. "That is a thief. Now describe a kleptomania."

"A kleptomania," said I, "has a mania for appropriating property. He also is oblivious of the rights of others, but he is not selfish. He steals regardless of the value or usefulness of the articles taken, and he is equally unmindful of the danger of incurring punishment, except in some extreme form of the dementia, where the element of cunning is a factor. Here the desire to steal is allied to a sort of pleasure in avoiding detection. It is this class of cases which is hardest to separate from the regular thief; yet the mania, as I have said, is more aggravated and therefore more genuine. If the man happens to be wealthy and steals, let us say, bits of old junk, it would be easy to pronounce upon his diseased condition, even though he carefully planned to avoid detection. But should he be poor and steal something of value only a close study of the case by a skillful physician and careful observer could be depended upon decisively."

"Suppose, doctor," said the young lady thoughtfully, "that the man combined your two examples—that is to say, suppose he were wealthy, that he carefully avoided detection and that he stole first many useless articles and then finally something of great value, money let us say, in fact, thousands of dollars? Would that man be—a kleptomania—or—a thief—a thief with method in his madness?"

for you to tell me all the details—about the facts, as far as you have observed them?"

"I will do so," she replied firmly, "after you have answered my question."

"Very well," said I. "I think it is very rare for a kleptomania to appropriate money, but at the same time we cannot lay down fixed rules for the conduct of persons whose minds are diseased. While the stealing of trash is a sign of kleptomania, it does not follow that he who appropriates a large sum of money is necessarily a thief. He might take money as he would waste paper, not knowing its value."

"You are very kind, doctor," said she, "but you must not try to comfort me. You must decide in this case dispassionately. If my father is demented, you must prove it to me and then give him your best treatment. But if—if he is a thief, why, then—then—I want to know it."

"I assure you I will do everything in my power for your father," said I. "Tell me about the money. How much was the amount which you suppose he has taken?"

"Forty thousand dollars," said Miss Milton. "And he did not suppose it to be waste paper either, doctor. But there, I ought to tell you the story from the beginning to the unfortunate end. Up to two years ago, when my mother died, my father was an exemplary parent, loving, generous and most companionable. The loss of my mother was a very heavy blow, coming as it did most unexpectedly, and he has never been quite the same since that sad event. I cannot make any specific complaint as to his treatment of me, for he is as lovingly kind and generous as of yore. But there is an indefinable something which gives me a feeling of restraint when with him. I seem to recognize a gnawing pain at his heart, all outward evidences of which he strenuously represses, and I long to throw myself in his arms and try to comfort him, but I dare not."

"It would have been well for you to do so," said I. "A man should never be allowed to nurse his grief. It usually injures the mind."

"Yes, perhaps I ought to have broken down the barrier," replied Miss Milton, "but then you have not met my father. He is not a man with whom one would take liberties. Let me come now to the first of the incidents which have at last culminated in the present crisis. About a year ago he came down to the breakfast room one morning with a puzzled look on his face. He showed me a gold emblem, a club badge, and declared that he had no idea how it had come into his possession. I examined it and found engraved on the back the name of a gentleman who had called upon him the evening before."

"My father declared that he had no recollection of his friend's visit and asked me, even admitting that he had entertained the gentleman, to explain how the badge had found its way into his vest pocket. Of course I could not explain it. The badge was returned, and I dismissed the incident from my mind. But from that time similar occurrences were brought to my attention with increasing frequency. Strange gloves and handkerchiefs were often in his pockets; odd hats hung in the hall. One night we entertained a party of friends at dinner and the lace wrap of one of the lady guests disappeared. Two days later it was found secreted in my father's bureau. On another occasion all the overcoats disappeared from the hall during an evening's reception, and it was mortifying to have to admit to our company that a sneak thief had been allowed to enter the house, but it was more terrible for me to feel certain that those rubbers would turn up in my father's possession, as they did when a thorough search was made on the following day."

"Did you ever speak to your father about these acts?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but not often, for it enraged him. He would turn upon me savagely and ask if I accused him of being a thief, and then would declare that he knew nothing whatever of the mysterious occurrences, so it became useless to do anything except watch."

"And have you ever seen him take anything?" I asked.

"Never," she said, "though, as you have hinted, that may be the cunning of the extreme form of his malady, for, of course, I decided that he was a kleptomania."

"Have you observed any other evidences of mania?" I asked next.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "He has had a number of attacks, during which he has been excitable. These paroxysms have increased in frequency and in severity until lately it has been necessary once or twice to use actual force to overpower him and compel him to go to his room."

"But surely, my dear young lady," said I, "you have sought medical advice before this?"

"It has been impossible for me to do so," was her reply. "Since my mother's death my father has had the most extraordinary antipathy to doctors. He claims that our old family physician caused the death of my mother through a mistaken diagnosis. Therefore when I have suggested calling in a physician he has opposed me. Besides, curiously enough, between the attacks he seems to be entirely well, and he has no recollection of having been delirious or of anything that has occurred during the

period. Thus it is impossible for me to give him any reason for having advice."

"Now tell me," said I, "about the \$40,000 theft, of which you made some mention."

"Yes, that is the climax," said Miss Milton. "So long as the thefts were restricted to articles of no value I readily accepted the theory of kleptomania, but this last almost made me doubt. Last evening my father retired to his room immediately after dinner, and I did not see him again until this morning early, when I was aroused by my maid, who announced that my father was ill. I hurried to his room, and to my horror found him tied down to the bed, screaming and struggling terribly. It seems that during the night one of his attacks had come on, and his noisy cries aroused his valet, who sleeps in the room adjoining. Lindley rushed in, but found that for the first time in these experiences he was unable to subdue him. Instead of calming down he grew worse, so that it became necessary to call up the other men servants. Once they got him back to bed they thought it wise to tie him down. The sight distressed me beyond words, but I was obliged to admit the wisdom of the course pursued. A few minutes later he suddenly became quiet and then fell asleep. When he awoke at about 10 o'clock, he was oblivious of the night's experience, but declared that he did not feel very well, and would not get up. A message was sent to his man of business, who came to the house. Then my father spoke of the money. He declared that he had \$40,000 in his bureau, which he wished to have taken to the bank. We could not find the money, however, and when we reported this to him he looked at me curiously a moment and said: 'Oh, well, never mind. Let it go. It is of no consequence.' Then without another word he turned his face to the wall. He seemed to be asleep when I left the house, determined to seek your advice."

The doctor paused here to refill his glass, and after taking a deep draft he continued:

"This ended our interview, she having given me all the facts known to her. She invited me to visit her father and I agreed to go with her at once. The house was not very far away and we reached it after a few minutes' brisk walking. I had often noted the fine dwelling, occupying as it did one of our most prominent corners, and it seemed strange to me as I crossed the portal that I should be entering this man's home with the intent of testing his sanity."

CHAPTER II.

"I was ushered into the parlor by my companion, and she touched a bell to call a servant. Presently a man came, walking in that noiseless manner assumed when death or serious illness is present."

"How is my father?" asked Miss Milton.

"He's been bad again, miss, but he's sleeping now. Leastwise he's quiet."

"I think we may as well go up to him," she said, turning to me. She then led the way to the second floor and I followed.

"The apartment was surprisingly furnished, but was darkened when I entered, the valet, Lindley, having drawn the curtain. This man advanced to meet us, and, seeing me with his mistress, looked inquiringly at her. Interpreting his glance, she remarked:

"This is Dr. Rawson, Lindley. I have brought him to see father."

"I am very glad you have come, doctor," said the man to me, "for I fear that my master is in a serious condition. He is asleep now, but has been very violent within an hour. It required four of us to control him. He has an idea that some sort of monster is in his bed trying to strangle him."

"This portended badly, hallucination being a well marked symptom of mania. I had the curtains raised to admit sufficient light for the better examination of my patient, and I very quickly discovered that he was not asleep, as I had been told, but was lying in a stupor. His eyelids were open, and the eyes stared fixedly, the pupils being more dilated than any I had ever seen. I found the pulse rapid and thready, and the skin hot and moist with perspiration. In short, the general appearance of the man was so different from what I would have expected in a maniacal patient that I was deeply puzzled, when a chance remark by the valet started a suspicion in my mind which set me upon the right track."

"You say that Mr. Milton has had hallucinations?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "He cries out that there's a monster in the bed—a green monster he called it—and he pointed to his coat, which was hanging across the footpiece. It's a strange thing, doctor, but when I called for help to hold him, and James, the colored butler, came up, then he took him for the green monster and was so violent I thought best to send James away."

"Like a flash an idea came to me. This fevered mind called first a black coat and then a black man a green monster. This confounding of black with green was a symptom. A symptom of what? I asked myself. Then I suddenly recalled that at the very moment when Miss Milton had entered my office I had been reading of a curious case recorded in the medical work with which I was entertaining myself, in which this anomalous condition had been a prominent feature. Once more I examined my patient and was soon convinced that my chance diagnosis was not only correct, but that unless very prompt measures were adopted death would ensue. I, however, made no remark which disclosed my anxiety, but merely administered a grain of the muriate of morphia, and writing a prescription for more of the drug sent Lindley to get it."

"When he had left the room, I imparted to Miss Milton my fear that her father might be dangerously ill and asked if he could arrange so that I could remain with him during the night. To this proposition she readily consented and left me to give the necessary orders. Thus I was alone with my patient, which was my desire."

"I began to make rapid examination of the apartment, for I may as well tell you that I was convinced that I was combating a most insidious poison and wished to find some evidence if possible of the presence of the drug. Discovering nothing, however, in the bedroom, I passed through a small door into the

room beyond, which was occupied by the valet, that he might be within call of his master. Here I found a little hanging closet in one corner filled with bottles neatly arranged and labeled. There were a great many of them, and while the name which I sought was not on any of course it was possible that



She dropped in a fit of wild hysteria, the poison itself might be in a bottle wrongly labeled. I was therefore removing the stoppers to test the contents when a door at the farther end of the room softly opened and a woman entered. Seeing me, but not recognizing me because of the semidarkness, and evidently mistaking me for some one else, she whispered:

"Joe! Joe! Be careful! They've brought a doctor!" And then she swiftly glided out through the door again.

"Who was Joe? And was this a warning which this woman was giving? Who was she, and why did she wish to warn Joe against the doctor? Evidently these were pertinent questions which must be answered."

"I failed to find a trace of the poison for which I sought, and felt slightly baffled, though the mysterious entry of the woman and her strange words only made me more than ever certain that I was in the presence of a crime. Turning from the medicine cabinet I noticed a curious old box, the lid of which was raised, so that I could see that it was used to hold cigars, of which there were a goodly number. Being fond of the weed myself and something of a judge of tobacco, I stepped to the table and took up one of the cigars, which I was passing under my nose to note the aroma when the door from the bedroom opened and the valet, Lindley, appeared. He seemed a little startled to see me, or else I misconstrued his action, but there was a little nervous tremor in his voice when he spoke, though that may have been due to the suddenness with which he had found himself in my presence. What he said was:

"I have brought you the medicine, doctor." Then, handing me the parcel, he added: "Did you wish a cigar, sir? The master has some fine ones which he has imported specially from Havana. Those," waving his hand deprecatingly toward the box in front of me, "are only some common things that I smoke myself."

"This I could readily believe, and, as I had no desire to smoke a cheap grade cigar, I dropped the one which I held back into the box and went again to my patient, remarking as I passed the valet:

"If Mr. Milton is not better tonight, I shall stay with him, and in that case I may accept one of those imported Havanas."

"I found Mr. Milton still in a stupor, and, as far as I could judge, neither improved nor worse. I administered a second dose of the morphia, and then essayed a little conversation with the valet in the hope of getting some admission from him which would implicate him in the plot which I had conceived. Turning to him, therefore, when he seemed unprepared for questioning, I asked suddenly:

"What is your name, my man?"

"Lindley, sir, Robert Lindley." He answered readily enough and with apparent truthfulness, for he could not guess that I had hoped to hear him say that his name was Joe.

"What do you think is your master's trouble?" I asked next.

"Well, sir," said he, "it's a mystery. I don't feel at liberty to talk about it, unless—unless—Did the mistress tell you about—Here he paused, as though, like a good servant, he hesitated to reveal family secrets."

"About your master's thieving propensities?" said I. "Oh, yes, I have been fully informed, but I would like your views. You are his confidential servant, and your opinion will be valuable—nay, I may say invaluable—to me in determining the true condition."

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9:00 A. M., Daily, except Sunday and Holidays. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk. Second class tickets not accepted for passage on this train.
9:30 A. M., Daily, "The Chicago Express" for Lexington, Roanoke, Columbia and Chicago. Pullman Sleeper Room to Columbus; also for Radford, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points.
7:30 P. M., Daily for Norfolk, Suffolk and intermediate stations.
11:40 P. M., Daily, for Lynchburg and Roanoke. Connects at Roanoke with Washington and Chattanooga Limited. Sleepers Roanoke to Memphis and New Orleans. Pullman Sleeper between Richmond and Lynchburg, and berth ready for occupancy at 9:30 P. M. Also Pullman Sleeper Petersburg to Roanoke.
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9:35 A. M., Sunday Accommodation arrives Petersburg 10:30, makes local stops at Richmond and Petersburg railroad.
9:50 A. M., Daily, Arrives Petersburg 9:51 A. M., Norfolk 11:35 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk, Va.
9:50 A. M., Daily, Arrives Petersburg 9:50 A. M., Norfolk 11:45 A. M., Fayetteville 11:15 P. M., Charleston 10:20 P. M., Savannah 12:50 A. M., Jacksonville 7:30 A. M., Port Tampa 6:30 P. M., Cocoa Beach 11:30 P. M., Jacksonville 7:30 A. M., Wilmington 5:45 P. M., Pullman Sleeper New York to Jacksonville.
9:50 P. M., Daily, Local, Arrives Petersburg 9:49 P. M., Norfolk 11:35 P. M., Suffolk 11:45 P. M., Jacksonville 7:30 A. M., Port Tampa 6:30 P. M., Cocoa Beach 11:30 P. M., Jacksonville 7:30 A. M., Wilmington 5:45 P. M., Pullman Sleeper New York to Jacksonville.
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